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DAVIDS { HAINOVS SIN / HEARTIE Repenta / HEAVIE Punishmen

Gal 6 1a

EXODVS 35. 23.

And every man, with whom was found—Goates haire, and red skins of Rammes, and Badgers skins, brought them. [*to the building of the Tabernacle*]

Ad Zoilum.

Thy Laies thou vtt'rest not, yet carpest mine,
Carpe mine no longer, or else utter thine.

By THOMAS FVLLER Master of Arts of [illegible] Colledge in *Cambridge*.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *John Bellamie*, dwell[illegible] three Golden Lyons in *Cornhill*. 16[illegible]

MUSEUM
OF COMPARATIVE

To the Honorable Mr. *Edward*
Mr. *William*, and Mr. *Chriſtopher Montagu*,
Sonnes to the Right Honorable, *Edward* Lord *Montagu*, of *Boughton*.

Faire Branches of a Stock as faire
Each a ſonne, and each an heire:
Two *Joſeph*-like, from Sire ſo ſage,
Young in Autumne of his age;
And a *Benjamin* the other,
Born'd with loſing of his Mother.
This fruit of ſome ſpare houres I ſpent
To your Honours I preſent.

A King I for my ſubiect have,
And Noble Patrons well may c
Things tripartite are fit for thr
With Youths, things youthfull b
Take thé therfore in good part,
Of him that ever prayeth in hea
That as in height ye waxe apac
Your Soules may higher grow
(g

Whilſt your Father (like the greene
Eagle in his Scutcheon ſeene,
Which with bill his age doth caſt)
May longer ſtill and longer laſt:
To ſee your Vertues o're increaſe
Your Yeares, ere he departs in Peace.
Thus I my Booke, to make an end,
To You: and you to God commend.

Your Honours | in all ſervice

Tho. Fuller.

DAVIDS *Hainous Sinne.*

1.

HOw *Zions* Pſalmiſt grieuouſly offended,
How *Iſraels* Harper did moſt foulely ſlide,
Yet how that Pſalmiſt penitent amended,
And how that Harper patient did abide
Deſerved chaſtiſement, (ſo fitly ſtil'd,
Which wrath inflicted not, but loue moſt mild,
Not for to hurt, but heale a wanton child.)

2.

How one by her owne Brother was defiled;
And how that Brother by a Brother ſlaine;
And how a Father, by his Sonne exiled;
And by a Subject, how a Soueraigne:
How Peace procured after Battels fierce,
As *Sol* at length doth ſullen cloudes diſpierce;
My Muſe intends the ſubject of her Verſe.

3.

Great God of might, whose power most Soveraigne,
Depends of none, yet all of thee depend,
Time cannot measure, neither place containe,
Nor wit of man thy Being comprehend:
For whil'st I thinke on Three, I am confin'd
To One, and when I One conceive in minde
I am recal'd to Three, in One combin'd.

4.

Thy helpe I crave, thy furtherance I aske,
My head, my heart, my hand direct and guide,
That whilst I vndertake this weighty taske,
I from thy written lore start not aside:
Alas, 'tis nothing Lord with thee to breake
The strong, 'tis nothing to support the weake,
To make men dumbe, to make an Infant speake.

5

EAch one begotten by immortall ſeed,
Becomes the pitcht feild of two deadly foes,
Spirit and Fleſh, theſe never are agreed,
With truceleſſe warre each other doth oppoſe;
And though the Spirit oft the Fleſh doth quell,
It may ſubdue but can it not expell,
So ſtoutly doth the Iebuſite rebell.

6

Now *David* when on *Bathſheba* looſe eyes
He fixt, his heavenly halfe did him diſſwade;
Turne, turne away thy ſight from vanities,
Exchange thy object, elſe thou wilt be made
Vnmindfull of thy Soule, her corps to minde,
Made for to loſe the truth, ſuch toyes to finde,
By looking long, made at the laſt, ſtarke blinde.

7.

What though her face, and body be moſt faire,
Behold, the Sun her beauty doth ſurpaſs;
His golden beames ſurmount her yellow hayre,
As far as pureſt Criſtall, dyrtie glaſſe:
Her skinne, as is the skie, not halfe ſo cleare,
Her curious veines, for colour come not neare
Thoſe azure ſtreaks, that in the Heavens appeare.

8.

There let thy hungry ſight her famine feede,
Whereon it cannot ſurfet with exceſſe:
Whil'ſt tongue, heart, harp are tuned vp with ſpeed,
The grand-contrivers glory to expreſſe;
Framing with words, to rayſe his mighty name,
That with a mighty word, did rayſe this frame,
And by his providence preſerves the ſame.

9.

t let no luſtfull thoughts lodge in thy minde,
fore that they be borne, they muſt be kill'd,
r elſe the man is cruell that is kinde,
ſpare the foes, wherewith his Soule is ſpill'd:
And if a wanton motion may requeſt,
Leave for to lodge a limbe, th'incroaching gueſt,
Will ſoone command roome to receive the reſt.

10.

oke towards the midday Sun, and thou ſhalt ſee,
ittle * tower, o're topps of hills to peepe;
at is the birth place of thy pedygree:
ll oft there haſt thou fed thy fathers ſheepe,
And kept his flockes vpon the flowry plaine.
But now the Sheepe-hook of a country ſwaine,
Is turn'd the Scepter of of a Soveraigne.

* The Tower of *Eder*, nigh *Bethle*, 7. miles from *Ieruſalem*.

If

11

God made thee great, oh doe not him disgrace,
And by his weighty Statutes lightly set,
Hee honour'd thee, oh doe not him debase,
Hee thee remembred, doe not him forget:
Why should fat * Ieshurun so wanton grow,
As at his Maisters head, his heeles to throw?
Maister; that all his feeding did bestow.

12

Behold high Cedars in the valley set,
They in thy eyes like little shrubbs doe show,
Whil'st little shrubbs vpon mount Oliuet,
Seeme lofty Cedars; men whose states are low
Their sinnes are not so obvious to sense,
In Princes persons of great eminence,
A smaller fault doth seeme a great offence.

* Deut. 32. 15.

13

But grant, no man thy wickednes eſpies,
Surely the Searcher of the reines doth marke
Even infant luſt, can figg-leaves bleare his eyes?
Or can thy ſhame bee ſhrowded in the darke?
Darknes ſhall then be turned into light,
Yea Darknes, is no Darknes, in his ſight,
But ſeeme the ſame to him, both day and night.

14

The Spirit had reſolved more to ſpeake,
But her halfe-ſpoken words, the Fleſh confounds,
Nor wonder is it, ſhe ſo vſ'd to breake
Gods Lawes, not paſſing for to paſſe their bounds,
Againſt mans rules of manners ſhould offend,
Which now impatient longer to attend,
Began before her Rivall made an end.

15.

If euer Nature lauiſhly did throw
Her gifts on one, which might haue ſerved more,
Yet make them comely, if ſhee e're did ſhow,
The prime, and pride, and plenty of her ſtore.
Loe, there's the forme wherein ſhe hath expreſt
Her utmoſt power, and done the very beſt,
Her maiſter-peece ſurpaſſing all the reſt.

16.

What if thoſe careleſſe treſſes were attired?
Sure then her face for comelines tranſcends,
What now ſeemes lovely, then would be admired,
If Art might but begin, where Nature ends.
Alas, ten thouſand pitties 'tis indeed,
That Princes, on ſo common fare ſhould feed,
Whilſt Common men, on princely meat exceed.

Alwayes

17.

Alwayes the ſame doth glut the appetite,
But pleaſed is our palate, with exchange,
Variety of diſhes doth delight,
Then give thy looſe affections leave to range:
Forbidden things are beſt, and when we eate
What we have ſlily gotten by deceit,
Thoſe morſels onely make the daynty meate.

18.

But oh, reſerve thy ſelfe, my maiden Muſe,
For a more modeſt ſubject, and forbeare
To tune ſuch wanton toyes, as may abuſe,
And give diſtaſte vnto a Virgins eare:
Such rotten reaſons firſt from Hell did flow,
And thither let the ſame in ſilence goe,
Beſt knowne of them, that did them never know.

Thus

19

Thus hee that conquer'd men, and beast most cruell,
(Whose greedy pawes, with fellon goods were found)
Answer'd *Goliah's* challenge in a duell,
And layd the Giant groveling on the ground:
He, that of *Philistims*, two hundred slue:
No whit appalled at their grisly hue,
Him one frayle womans beauty did subdue.

20

Man is a Shippe, affections the Sayle,
The world the Sea, our sinnes the Rocks and Shelves,
God is the Pylot, if hee please to sayle,
And leave the stearing of us, to our selves,
Against the ragged Rocks wee run amaine,
Or else the winding Shelves doe us detaine,
Till God the *Palinure*, returnes againe.

21

Et *David* bold to ſinne, did feare the ſhame,
He ſhunn'd the ſheath, that ran upon the knife,
th a fine fetch, providing for his fame,
fetcheth home *Vriah* to his wife:
So under his chaſte love, to cloake his owne
Vnlawfull luſt, to fault moſt careleſſe growne,
Moſt carefull that his fault ſhould not be knowne.

22

in their plots, God doth befoole the wiſe,
wayes that none can trace, all muſt admire:
rt of his houſe that nigh *Vriah* lyes,
David ſo came ſhort of his deſire:
The man a nearer lodging place did uſe,
(Which made the King on further plots to muſe)
And ſent home, home to goe, did thus refuſe.

23.

The pilgrime Arke doth ſojourne in a tent,
In open fields, *Ioab* my Lord doth lye,
And all the ſouldiers of his Regiment,
Have Earth their beds, the Heaven their Canopy:
Where bitter blaſts of ſtormy winds are rife.
Shall I goe feaſt, drink, dally with my wife?
Not, as I live, and by your Lordſhips life.

24.

Then by his ſervants *David* did conſpire,
Uriahs luſt ſo dull, with wine to edge:
(*Venus* doth freeze, where *Bacchus* yeelds no fire)
By their conſtraint, he condeſcends to pledge
One common cup that was begun to all
Captaines incamped nigh to *Rabba* wall;
One ſpecially, vnto the Generall.

25

Ibishay next is drunke to, *Ioabs* brother,
And this cupp, to a second paves the way,
That orderly doth vsher in another;
Thus wine once walking, knowes not where to stay:
Yea such a course methodicall they take,
In ordering of cupps, the same did make
Vriah quite, all order to forsake.

26

His false supporters soone begin to slipp,
And if his faltring tongue, doth chance to light
On some long word, hee speedily doth clip
The traine therof; yea his deceitfull sight,
All obiects paired doth present to him:
As double faces, both obscure and dim,
Seeme in a lying looking-glasse to swim.

27.

My prayers for friends proſperity, and wealth,
Shall ne're be wanting, but if I refuſe;
To hurt my ſelfe, by drinking others health,
Oh let ingenious natures mee excuſe:
If men bad manners this eſteeme, then I
Deſire to be eſteem'd unmannerly,
That to liue well, will ſuffer wine to dye.

28.

Well did blind *Homer* ſee, for to expreſſe
This vice, that ſpawnes all other; when he faines,
Dame *Circe*, an inchanting Sorcereſſe,
Whoſe cupps, made many men forgoe their braines
Whilſt with the witleſſe Aſſe, one purely doats,
Others miſhaped are, like luſtfull Goates,
Or ſwil-ingroſſing Swine, with greedy throats.

29

Though bad, yet better was *Vriah* left,
Not quite a beaſt, though ſcarſe a man, diſturb'd
In minde, but not diſtracted, nor bereft
Of witt, though drunk, yet ſoberly hee curb'd
His luſt, being wiſe, though ignorant, to croſſe
The Kings deſignes, who now new thoughts doth toſſe,
Finding his former project at a loſſe.

30.

The Night with mourning weeds, the world becladd,
When reſtleſſe *David*, for to mend his matter,
Did make it worſe; his naked ſinne was bad,
More Monſtrous being maskt; they oft doe ſcatter
The chayne, that of Gods lawes vnlooſe a linke:
Hee ſwam before in ſinne, nigh to the briuke,
But now he meanes in midſt thereof to ſinke.

31

Then for a light, hee ſpeedily did call,
(Thou Darknes with his project beſt agree'd)
For paper, pen, and inke, to write withall,
Though ſure a poniard, might have done the deed,
Better if hee in blood had dipped it,
And on a ſheet of paper what he writ,
A winding ſheet far better did befit.

32

This certs I know, as Sepian juice did ſinke
Into his ſpongy paper, ſabling o're
The ſame, with various-formed ſpecks of inke,
Which was ſo pure and lilly-white before:
So ſpots of ſinne the writers ſoule did ſtaine,
Whoſe foylie tincture did therein remaine
Till briniſh teares had waſht it out againe.

Nex

33

ext day, when day was ſcarce an infant growne,
iah, (that no miſchiefe did miſtruſt,
s none hee did deſerve, but by his owne
id meaſure all mens dealings to bee juſt)
Bearing this letter, on his journey paſt
With ſpeed, who needed not to make ſuch haſt
Whoſe death, had he gone ſlow, did come too faſt.

34

hus crafty Maiſters, when they minde to beate
careleſſe boy, to gather birch they ſend him;
he little lad, doth make the rod compleat,
hinking his Maiſter therefore will commend him:
But buſily imploy'd, he little thought,
Hee made the net, wherein himſelfe was caught
And muſt be beaten, with the birch hee brought.

35.

His journey came well to the welcome end,
Safe to the * Towne of Waters hee attaines,
Towne which to force, *Ioab* his force did bend,
(Nought is ſo hard, but vincible by paines)
Some with their heads did plot, ſome with
Did practiſe, yea as ready was the band
To ſerve, as was the Captaine to command.

36.

So buſie Bees, ſome fly abroad at large,
Of flowry Nectar for to fetch their fill,
Some ſtay at home, for to receive their charge,
And truſtily, the liquor doe diſtill:
Or bottle it in waxe, whilſt others ſtrive,
Like ſturdy Martialls, far away to drive
The drowſy Droanes, that harbour in the hiue.

* *Rabba*, 2 Sam. 12. & 27.

37

The ſtrong-arm'd Archer, from his crooked Bow,
Made a ſtrait ſhaft, with diſmall newes to ſpeed
Into the towne which ne're return'd to ſhow,
The ſender, how his meſſage did ſucceed:
Yea heavie bodies, mounted were on high,
Dull ſtones, to which Dame Nature did deny
Feete for to goe, Art made them wings to fly.

38

Whilſt in the towne, one with his friend did talk,
A ſudden ſtroake did take his tongue away,
Some had their leggs arreſted, as they walke,
By Martiall law, commanding them to ſtay:
Here falls a maſſy beame, a mighty wall
Comes tumbling there, and many men doth mule,
Who were both ſlaine, and buried by the fall. H

39.

Were there not vſed in the dayes of yore,
Enough men-murdering Engines? But our age,
Witty in wickednes, muſt make them more,
By newfound plotts, mens malice to inrage:
So that fire-ſpitting Canons, to the coſt
Of Chriſtian blood, all valour have ingroſt.
Whoſe finding, makes that many a life is loſt.

40.

Whilſt thus the well appointed army ſought,
Winding in worm-like trenches neare the wall,
To humble the proud towers, *Vriah* brought
The ſpeaking paper to the Generall,
Who when ſuch language hee therein did finde,
Hee thought himſelfe, or els the king was blinde,
Himſelfe in body, or the king in minde.

Then

41

hen hee the letter did peruſe againe,
he words, the words of *Dauid* could not bee,
nd yet the hand, for *Dauids* hand was plaine,
ee thought it was, and thought it was not hee:
Each little line, he thorowly did view,
Till at the length, more credulous he grew,
And what he thought was falſe, he found too true.

42

ow *Ioab* let thy valour be diſplay'd,
ct not a midwife, to a deed vnjuſt,
y feare or fauour, be not ouerſway'd,
o prone a Pandar, to a Princes luſt;
Returne a humble anſwer back againe,
Let each word breath ſubmiſſion, to obtaine
By prayers, a conqueſt of thy Soueraigne.

43.

Shew how when God and countries good requires,
Then ſubſtance, ſoule and body to ingage,
Is the ambition of thy beſt deſires,
Foes forraine to reſiſt, to quell their rage,
How willingly would'ſt thou thy ſelfe deſpiſe,
Count loſing of thy goods, a gainfull prize,
Laviſh thy blood, and thy life ſacrifice?

44.

But when Gods lore, directly doth withſtand,
And where his lawes, the contrary convince,
Wee muſt not breake the heauenly kings command,
Whilſt we do ſeeke to pleaſe an earthly Prince:
The burdens they impoſe on us to beare,
Our dutie is to ſuffer them; but where
Kings bid, and God forbids, we muſt forbeare.

45

Behold the man, whose valour ouce surmounted,
In sacking Zions mount, (mount not so high
As men therein were haughty) and accounted,
Of Worthies chiefe, doth most unworthily:
Hee that to summe the people of the land
Withstood the King, now with the King doth stand
Too buxome for to finish his command.

36

Next morne, when early *Phœbus* first arose,
(Which then arose last in *Vriah's* sight)
Him *Ioab* in the forfront did dispose,
From whom, the rest recoyled in the fight:
Thus of his friends, betray'd by subtill traine,
Assaulted of his foes, with might and maine,
He lost his life, not conquered, but slaine.

His

47

His mangled body, they expoſe to ſcorne,
And now each cravin coward dare defie him,
Outſtaring his pale viſage, which beforne
Were palſy-ſtrook, with trembling to come nigh him.
Thus heartleſſe hares, with purblind eyes do peer
In the dead Lyons pawes, yea daſtard Deere,
Over his breathleſſe corps dare domineere.

Davids hearty Repentance.

1

THE tongue of guiltleſſe blood is never ti'd
In the earth's mouth, & though the greedy ground
Her gaping crannies quickly did provide,
To drinke the liquor of *Vriah's* wound,
Yet it with moanes, beſcattered the skies,
And the revoicing Eccho, with replies,
Did deſcant on the playnſong of the cries.

2

Hereat the Lord, perceiving how the field,
Hee ſow'd with grace, and compaſt with an heape,
Of many mercies, ſtore of ſinnes did yeild,
Where he expected ſtore of thankes to reape,
With flames of anger, furnace-like he burn'd,
For patience long deſpiſ'd, and lewdly ſpurn'd
Is at the length to raging fury turn'd.

Then

3

Then all the Creatures, muſtered their traine,
From Angells vnto worms, the blinde did ſee
Their Lord diſgrac't, whoſe honour to maintaine
Things wanting life, moſt liuely ſeeme to be;
Refuſing all to ſerve Man, that refuſ'd:
To ſerve his God, all ſtriving to be uſ'd,
To puniſh him, his maker that abuſ'd:

4

Pleaſe it your Highnes, for to giue me leave,
Il'e ſcorch the wretch to cinders, ſaid the *Fire*;
Send me, ſaid *Aire*, him Il'e of breath bereave;
No, quoth the, earneſt *Water*, I deſire
His ſoylie ſinnes with deluges to ſcoure;
Nay, let my Lord quoth *Earth*; imploy my pow
With yawning chapps, I will him quick deuou

So

5

Soone with a word, the Lord appeaſ'd this ſtrife,
Injoyning ſilence, till he did vnfold
That precious volume, cald The booke of life,
Which he the Printer, priuiledg'd of old,
Containing thoſe he freely did imbrace,
Nor ever would I wiſh an higher grace,
Than in this Booke to have the loweſt place.

6

Within this Booke, hee ſought for *Davids* name,
Which having found, he proffered to blot,
(And *David* ſurely well deſerv'd the ſame,
That did his nature ſo with ſinne beſpot,
Though none are blotted out, but ſuch as never
Were written in, nothing Gods love can ſever,
Once written there, are written there for ever.)

Strait

7

Strait from his throne, the Prince of peace aroſe,
And with embraces did his Father binde,
Impriſoning his armes, he did ſo cloſe,
(As loving Iuye on an oake did winde,
And with her curling flexures it betraile)
His father glad, to finde his force to fayle,
Strugled, as one not willing to prevaile.

8

Thus then began the Spotleſſe lambe to ſpeake,
(One word of whom, would rend the ſturdy rocke;
Make hammer-ſcorning Adamant to breake,
And vnto ſenſe, perſwade the ſenſles ſtocke,
Yea God himſelfe, that knowes not to repent,
Is made by his petitions, penitent,
His Iuſtice made, with Mercy to relent)

9

Why doth my Fathers fury burne ſo fierce?
Shall *Perſian* lawes vnalterable ſtand?
And ſhall my Lord decree, and then reverſe,
Enact, and then repeale, and countermand?
Tender thy credit, gracious God, I crave,
And kill not him, thou didſt conclude to ſave,
Can theſe hands blot, what theſe hands did ingrave?

10.

Hath not thy wiſdome, from eternity,
Before the worlds foundation firſt was lay'd,
Decree'd, the due time once expir'd, that I
Should Fleſh become, and Man borne of a Maide?
To live in poverty, and dye with paine,
That ſo thy Sonne, for ſinners vilely ſlaine,
Might make vile Sinners bee thy Sonnes againe.

11.

Let me, oh let me, thy feirce wrath asswage,
And for this sinner, begg a full discharge,
What though hee justly doth prouoke thy rage?
Thy Iustice I will satisfie at large.
If that the Lord of life must murder'd bee,
Let mee intreat, this murd'rer may goe free,
My Meritts cast on him, his Sinnes on me.

12.

Thus speaking, from his fragrant cloaths there went
A pleasant breath, whose odour did excell,
Myrrhe, Aloes, and Cassia for sent,
And all perfum'd his Father with the smell,
Whereat his smoothed face most sweetly smil'd,
And hugging in his armes, his deerest child, (mild
Return'd these welcome words, with voyce me

Wh

13

Who can ſo pleaſing violence withſtand?
Thy crauing, is the hauing a requeſt,
Such mild intreaties, doe my heart command,
The 'mends is made, and pacifi'd I reſt:
As far as Earth, from Heaven doe diſtant lye,
As Eaſt is parted from the Weſterne skye,
So far his ſinnes, are ſever'd from mine eye.

14

Hereat the heavenly Quire, lift vp their voyce,
Angells and Saints imparadiſ'd combine,
Vpon their golden Violls, to rejoyce,
To rayſe the prayſe of the cœleſtiall Trine,
All in their ſongs a ſacred ſtrife expreſt,
Which ſhould ſing better, and ſurpaſſe the reſt,
All did ſurpaſſe themſelves, and ſang the beſt.

15.

Then ſaid the *Fire*, my fury I recant,
Life-hatching warmth, I will for him provide:
If *Davids* breathleſſe lungs do chance to pant,
Said *Aire*, Il'e fanne them with a windy tide:
With moiſture, Il'e ſaid *Water*, quench his heat,
And I his hunger, quoth the *Earth*, with meat,
Of marrow, fatneſſe, and the flower of Wheat.

16

Thus when a Lord, long buried in diſgrace,
A King to former favor doth reſtore,
With all reſpect the Court doth him embrace,
Fawning as faſt, as they did flowte before:
Whoſe ſmiles, or frownes, are but the bare reflex
Of the Kings face, and like to this direction,
Where hee affects, they ſettle their affection.

Plai

17

DLaine-dealing *Nathan*, presently was sent:
Nathan, than whom, was none more skil'd to lanch
festred soule, and with a searching tent,
o sound the sore; more cunning none to stanch
A bleeding-hearted sinner, nor more kinde,
With swadling cloaths of comfort, for to binde
Vnjoynted members, of a troubled minde.

18

ee did not flow with wealth, which envye breeds,
or yet was he with penury oppresst;
ant is the cause, from which contempt proceeds;
s meanes were in the meane, and that's the best.
High hills are parcht with heate, or hid with snow,
And humble dales, soone drown'd, that lie too low,
Whilst happy graine, on hanging hills doth grow.

19.

For ſundry duties, he did dayes devide,
Making exchange of worke, his recreation;
For prayer, he ſet the precious morne aſide,
The midday he bequeath'd to meditation:
Sweete ſacred ſtories, he reſerv'd for night,
To reade of *Moſes* meeknes, *Sampſons* might,
Theſe were his joy, theſe onely his delight.

20.

But now diſpenſing with his dayly taske,
To court he comes, and wiſely did invent,
Vnder a parable, his minde to maske,
Seeming to meane nought leſſe, than what he meant,
And Lapwing-like, round fluttering a while,
With far-fetcht præface and a witty wile,
Hee made the King himſelfe for to beguile,

BRITISH MUSEUM

21

Thus he that thought all mortall men to cheate,
And with falſe ſhewes, his ſecret ſinnes to ſhade,
Was couzned by the innocent deceite,
Of one plaine Prophet, and directly made,
As he a Iudge ſate on the bench, to ſtand,
At barr a priſoner, holding * up his hand,
* But firſt condemned by his owne command.

22

Goe fond affectors of a flanting ſtraine,
Whoſe ſermons ſtrike at ſinnes with ſlenting blowes,
Give me the man that's powerfull and plaine,
The Monſter Vice, vnmasked to expoſe:
Such Preachers doe the ſoule, and marrow part,
And cauſe the guilty conſcience to ſmart,
Such pleaſe no itching eares, but peirce the heart.

*Thou art the man. *The man that hath done this thing ſhal dye.

23.

This made King *David's* marble minde to melt,
And to the former temper to returne,
Thawing his frozen breast, when as he felt
The lively sparks of grace therein to burne,
Which vnder ashes cold, were choakt before;
And now hee weeps, and wayles, and sighs full sore,
Though sure such sorrow, did his joy restore.

24.

So have I seene one slumber'd in a swound,
Whose sullen soule into his heart did hye,
His pensive frien'ds, soone heave him from the ground,
And to his face life-water doe apply:
At length, a long-expected sigh doth strive
To bring the wellcome newes, the man's alive,
Whose soule at last, doth in each part arriue.

Then

25

Then to his Harpe, he did himſelfe betake,
His tongue-tide harpe, long growne out of requeſt,)
And next to this his glory muſt awake,
The member he of all accounted beſt: (wring,
Then with thoſe hands, which hee for griefe did
Hee alſo lightly ſtrikes the warbling ſtring,
And makes one voice ſerve both to ſob and ſing.

26

That heavenly voyce to heare, I more deſire,
Than *Syren's* ſweeteſt ſongs, than muſicke made
By *Philomele* chiefe of the winged quire;
Or him, whoſe Layes ſo pleaſing, did perſwade
Stones for to lackey, when he went before,
Or that brave harper, whom unto the ſhore,
His hackny Dolphin ſafely did reſtore.

Moſt

Davids Heavïe Puniſhment.

1

MOſt true it is, when Penitents by grace
Acquitted are, the pardon of their ſinnes,
And puniſhments releaſe, do both imbrace,
Like to a paire of vndivided twinns,
Parted they cannot be, they cleave ſo faſt,
Yet when the tempeſt of Gods wrath is paſt,
Still his afflicting hony-ſhower doth laſt.

2

But let the Schooles, theſe thorny points diſpute,
Whoſe ſearching ſight can naked truth diſcry,
Sculking in Errors arms, and are acute,
Fine-fingred with diſtinctions to untye
Knotts more than Gordian, theſe men never miſt
The ſlender marke, like * thoſe in whoſe left fiſt,
There did ſo much dexterity conſiſt.

Meane

* Iudges 20. 16.

3

Meane time, my Muse, come see how prettily
The patient Infant doth it selfe behave,
Infant, but newly borne, now neare to * dye,
That from the cradle, posted to the grave,
See with what silent signes, and sighes full faine,
Poore heart, it would expresse where lies the paine,
Complaining, that it knowes not to complaine.

4

Stay cruell Death thy hand for pitty hold,
Against some aged grand-sire bend thy bow,
That now hath full, twice forty winters told,
Whose head is silver'd or'e, with ages snow:
Dash out this Babe, out of thy dismall bill,
And in exchange, let him thy number fill,
So may he life, his friends enjoy him still.

Those

* The death of King *David's* Child.

5.

Thoſe hands to hurt another, never ſought,
Which cannot helpe themſelues, they are ſo weake;
His heart did never hatch a wanton thought,
His tongue did never lye, that cannot ſpeake:
By wrong and violence, he ne're did wreſt
The goods, wherewith his Neighbour is poſſeſt,
Whoſe ſtrength ſcarſe ſerves to ſuck his nurſe's breſt

6

But ah, this Infant's guilt from him proceeds,
That knew the leaſt, when moſt he ſought to know,
Who was moſt nak't, when cloathed in his weeds,
Beſt cloathed then, when naked he did goe:
In vayne the wit of wiſeſt men doth ſtrive,
To cut off this intayle, that doth derive
Death unto all, when firſt they are alive.

As

7

As when a tender Roſe begins to blow,
Yet ſcarſe unſwadled is, ſome wanton maide
Pleaſ'd with the ſmell, allured with the ſhow,
Will not reprive it, till it hath diſplay'd
The folded leaves, but to her breſt applie's
Th'abortive budd, where coffined it lye's
Loſing the bluſhing Dye, before it die's:

8

So this babes life, newly begun, did end
Which ſure receiv'd the ſubſtance, though not ſign'd
With graces ſeale; God freely doth attend
His ordinance, but will not be confin'd
Thereto, when'ts not neglected, nor deſpiſ'd,
They that want *Water* are by *Fire* baptiz'd,
Thoſe ſanctifi'd, that ne're were circumciſ'd.

9

Sweet Babe, one Sabboth thou on earth didſt ſee,
But endles Sabboths, doeſt in heaven ſurvive,
Grant, Death of joyfull howers deprived thee,
Thou hadſt ſeene yeares of ſorrowes, if alive: (crown'd
True, thou wert borne a Prince, but now art
A King by Death, ſleepe therefore in the ground
Sweetly, vntill the Trumpet laſt ſhall ſound.

10

By this childs death, King *David* did ſuſtaine
One loſſe; but where this miſery did end,
More miſeries began: as in a chayne,
One linke, doth on another linke depend:
His luſt, with luſt, his ſlaying with a ſlaughter
Muſt puniſh't be: proportion'd therafter
To Mother ſinne, is puniſhment the Daughter.

11

Amnon adviſ'd by *Ionadab*, a fit
Of ſickneſſe faines: Men wickedly inclin'd,
Worſe counſellers, (that with great ſtore of wit
Have dearth of grace) moſt eaſily may find;
And *Thamar's* hands, his meate muſt onely make:
Ah happy age, when Ladies learn't to bake,
And when Kings Daughters knew to knead a cake.

12

Rebecka was eſteem'd of comely hew,
Yet not ſo nice her comelineſſe to keepe,
But that ſhee water for the cammells drew;
Rachell was faire, yet fedd her fathers ſheepe,
But now for to ſupply *Rebeck'as* place,
Or doe as *Rachell* did, is counted baſe,
Our dainty dames, would take it in diſgrace.

But

* The deflowring of *Thamar.*

13

But quickly did his beaſtly luſt declare,
That he, to eate her daynties, had no neede,
He for the cooke, not for the cates did care,
Shee was the diſh, on whom he meant to feed:
Oh how ſhe pray'd, & ſtrove with might & maine
And then from ſtriving, fell to prayers againe,
But prayers, and ſtriving, both alike, in vayne.

14

Thus a poore Larke impriſon'd in the cage
Of a Kites claws, moſt ſweetly ſings at large
Her owne Dirge whilſt ſheeſeeks to calme his rage,
And from her jaylor, ſue's for a diſcharge;
Who paſſing for no muſick that ſurpaſt,
To feede his eares, whilſt that his gutts doe faſt,
On her that pray'd ſo long, doth prey at laſt.

15

Then with duſt-powdre'd haire ſhe ſore bewayles,
And puniſht on her ſelfe, her brothers ſinne,
Parting her maiden livery with nayles,
That parted was with colours, and wherein
White ſtreaks, their owners innocence did ſhow;
The baſhfull *Red*, her modeſty; the row
Of *Sable*, ſorrowed for the wearers woe.

16

Comfort thy ſelfe more vertuous, than faire,
More faire, than happy virgin, mourne with meaſure,
Sinnes unconſented to, no ſoules impaire,
That muſt be done perchance with bodies pleaſure,
Which with the griefe of ſoule may be conſtrain'd
The casket broke, the jewell ſtill remain'd,
Vntoucht, which in the casket was contain'd.

17.

IN his breſt * *Abſolon* records this wrong:
Out of our minds, good turns doe quickly paſſe,
But injuries therein remaine too long,
Thoſe ſcraul'd in duſt, but theſe ingrav'd in braſſe,
One Sun-ſet for our anger ſhould ſuffice,
Which in his wrath ſet oft, oft did ariſe,
With yearly race, ſurrounding twice the skies.

18.

Now when his fruitfull flocks, which long had worn
Their wollen coates, for to make others hot,
Were now to forfeit them, and to be ſhorne,
(Sure from the ſilly ſheepe, his diveliſh plott,
Their owner never learnd) hee finds a way,
To worke revenge, and called on that day,
His brothers to a feaſt, which pro'vd a fray.

* The murdering of *Ammon*.

19

What *Amnon* drunke in wine, in blood he ſpilt,
Which did the dainties marre; and meate defile,
Cupps; carpetts, all with goary ſtreakes were gilt,
Seeming to bluſh, that cruelty ſo vile;
So fowly ſavage, ſhould the banquet ſtaine:
Thus he that being well, did ſickneſſe faine;
Not being ſicke, was on a ſuddaine ſlaine.

20

Thereſt refuſed on the meate to feede,
Whoſe bellies were ſo full with griefe, and feare
To feele, what they had ſeene; away they ſpeed
To ride: but Fame did fly, fame that doth weare
An hundred liſtning eares, an hundred eyes,
An hundred prating tongues, ſhe dayly plies,
Tongues, that both tell the truth, and tattle lyes.

21.

She gets by going, and doth gather ſtrength,
As balls of ſnow, by roling more doe gaine,
She whiſpr'd firſt, but lowdly blaz'd at length,
All the Kings Sonnes, all the Kings ſonnes are ſlaine:
The penſive Court, in dolefull dumps did rue
This diſmall caſe, till they the matter knew,
Would all bad news, like this, might prove untru

22.

Goe ſilly ſoules, that doe ſo much admire,
Court-curious intertainment, and fine fare,
May you for mee obtaine what you deſire,
I for your fowles of *Phaſis* do not care,
If that ſuch riots at your feaſts be rife,
And all your meate, ſo ſowrely ſauc'd with ſtrife,
That gueſts to pay the ſhot, muſt loſe their life.

Happ

23

Happy thoſe Swaines, that in ſome ſhady-bower,
Making the graſſe their cloath, the ground their board,
Doe feede on mellow fruite, or milks fine flower,
Vſing no wine, but what their wells afford:
At theſe did malice never bend her bow,
Their ſtate is ſhot free, it is ſet ſo low,
They overlooke, that would them overthrow.

24

FAſt unto *Geſhure*, flies the fatricide,
To ſhelter there himſelfe, the ſentence ſore
Of angry juſtice, fearing to abide,
Oh happy turne had he return'd no more,
Who wonted guiſe, kept in a country ſtrange,
Thoſe that abroad, to forraine parts do range,
Their climate, not conditions doe exchange:

25.

Return'd: at entrance of the Court he * ſtands,
If any ſutors there he chanc't to finde,
Hee ſteales their hearts, by taking of their hands,
And ſucked out their ſoule, with kiſſes kinde:
He of their name, cauſe, citty doth inquire,
Proud men prove baſe, to compaſſe their deſire,
They loweſt crouch, that higheſt do aſpire.

26.

Before ſuch kiſſes come vpon my face,
Oh, let the deadly Scorpion me ſting,
Yea rather than ſuch armes ſhould me imbrace,
Let curling Snakes about my body cling:
Than ſuch faire words, I'de rather heare the fowle
Vntuned ſchreeching of the dolefull Owle,
Or heare the direfull mountaine Wolfe to howle.

Some

* *Abſolons* aſpiring to the kingdome.

27

Some men affirme, that *Abſolon* doth ſound
In the worlds oldeſt tongue [of peace a father]
But certs I know that ſuch miſtake their ground,
[Rebellious ſonne] ſure it importeth rather:
And yet why ſo? ſith ſince I call to minde,
Than the *Clementes* none were more vnkind,
Then *Innocent*, more nocent none I finde.

28

Then borrowing the plauſible diſguiſe
Of holineſſe, he mas'kt his plot ſo evill,
Vnder the good pretence of ſacrifice,
(A Saint diſſembled is a double Devill.)
But ſure were theſe the vowes, he went to pay,
His Sire, that harmeleſſe ſheepe he vow'd to ſlay,
Who o're mount *Olives* weeping fled away.

29.

This makes mee call my Saviours griefe to minde,
Who on * this mount, becauſe the Iewes were growne
So wicked, thoſe that ſaid they ſaw, ſo blind,
Mourn'd for their ſins, that mourn'd not for their own:
Much did hee weepe for others that forbad,
Others to weepe for him, whoſe being ſad
Hath made his Saints, for ever ſince, full glad.

30.

Downe comes the King to *Iordan*: on the ſand
If that the ſaylors chance to ground the boat,
A flood of teares they ſtraitwayes did command,
Whoſe large acceſſion, made the veſſell floate:
And if a blaſt of winde, did chance to faile,
So greivouſly the people did bewayle,
Their very ſighs might ſerve to ſtuffe the ſayle.

Thus

* Luke 19.42.

31

Thus was the King, in his owne land exil'd,
His ſubjects were his hoaſt, and he their gueſt,
Whoſe place was ill ſupplied by his child,
(Vnhappy Bird defiling his owne neſt)
That tooke his fathers wives, in open ſight,
Thoſe that do want of grace the ſhun-ſhine bright,
Extinguiſh oft dim Natures candle light.

32

The bluſhing Sun, no ſooner did behold
So beaſtly luſt, but ſought his face to ſhrowd,
And ſhrinking in his beames of burniſh't gold,
Was glad to ſculke within a ſullen cloud:
The ſhamefac't birds, with one wing faine to fly,
Did hold their other fanne before their eye,
For feare they ſhould ſuch filthineſſe eſpie.

33

What needed he, to keepe alive his name,
Erect a pillar? Sure this damned deed,
Makes us remember, and deteſt the ſame,
That in the worlds laſt doating age ſucceed:
Yea when that Braſſe, that ſeemeth time to ſcorne,
Shall be by all-devouring time out-worne,
His name they'le beare in minde that are not borne.

34

But * he that gave this counſell, did not ſpeed,
Who ſpeeding home on witleſſe aſſe amaine,
(Aſſe that for wit, his rider did exceed,)
'Cauſe he his will at Court could not obtaine,
Did make his Will at home: the peeviſh elfe
Amongſt his houſhold parts his curſed pelfe,
Carefull of that, but careleſſe of himſelfe.

Oh

* *Achitophel* hanging himſelfe.

35

Oh ſuddaine thought of thy mortality!
Thou art not yet ſo thorough worne with age,
None in thy face ſuch Symptoms can eſpy,
Which ſhould ſo neare approaching death præſage:
Thy ſtate is not diſtempered with heate,
Thy working pulſe doth moderatly beate, (pleate.
All outward things ſeeme whole, ſeeme all com-

36

But ghoſtly is thy griefe: thou that by treaſon,
Againſt thy Leige, ſo lately waſt combin'd,
Thy paſſions now rebell againſt thy Reaſon,
Reaſon, that is the Soveraigne of thy minde,
And ſeeke for to diſturbe it from the throne:
Strive, ſtrive to ſet theſe civill broyles at one,
Order thy ſelfe, and let thy houſe alone.

37

A chayne of hempe, he to his necke made faſt,
By tying of which knot, hee did vntye
The knot of Soule and Body, and at laſt
Stopping the paſſage of his breath, thereby
A paſſage for his Soule, wide opened hee:
Thus traytors, rather than they ſhould goe free,
Themſelves the hangmen of themſelves will bee.

38

His friends, to balme his body ſpare no coſt,
With ſpices ſeeking to perfume a ſinke,
For certs I know, their labour was but loſt,
His rotten memory, will ever ſtinke,
His ſoule thereby was nothing bettered,
Becauſe his corps were bravely buried,
Tombes pleaſe the living, profit not the dead.

How

39

How many worthy Martyrs vilely ſlaine,
Made meate for fowles, or for the fire made fuell,
Though ground, they could not for a grave obtaine,
Were not leſſe happy, but their foes more cruell,
Vnburied bodies made not them unbleſt,
Their better halfe, did finde an heavenly reſt,
And doth injoy, joyes not to be expreſt.

40

Leave we the Traytor thus, vpon whoſe hearſſe,
My Muſe ſhall not a precious teare miſ-ſpend,
Proceeding to bemoane in dolefull verſe,
How * two great bands, with cruell blowes contend,
Whole clouds of arrowes, made the skye to lowre,
Diſſolv'd at length, into a bloody ſhowre,
Till Steele kill'd many, wood did more devoure.

* *The battell betwixt* Abſalon *and* Davids *men.*

Oh

41

Oh, let it not be publiſh't in the path,
That leads unto th' inceſtuous ſeed of *Lot*,
Tell not theſe tidings in the towne of *Gath*,
In *Aſcalon*, ſee ye proclaime it not,
Leaſt theſe rejoyce at this calamity,
Who count your fame, their greateſt infamy,
Your wofull jarrs, their wellcome melody.

42

Had *Rachel* now reviv'd, her ſonnes to ſee,
Their bloody hands, would make her heart to bleed,
Each a *Benoni* unto her would be;
Had *Leah* liv'd to ſee herſelfe agree'd
To fall out with herſelfe, with teares moſt ſure,
She would have made her tender eyes paſt cure,
Who ever wonn, ſhe muſt the loſſe endure.

43

The conqueſt (which her verdict long ſuſpended)
Hover'd aloft, not knowing where to light;
But at the laſt, the leſſer ſide befreinded
With beſt ſucceſſe; the other put to flight,
More truſted a ſwift foote, than a ſtrong fiſt,
Moſt voices oft of Verity have miſt,
Nor in moſt men, doth Victory conſiſt.

44

The graceleſſe ſonne was plung'd in deepe diſtreſſe,
For earth his weight, no longer would endure,
The angry heavens denied all acceſſe,
Vnto a wretch ſo wicked, ſo impure:
At laſt the Heavens and earth with one conſent,
A middle place, vnto the monſter lent,
Above the earth, beneath the firmament.

His

45

His skittish Mule, ran roving in the fields,
And up high hills, downe dales, o're woods did prance,
Seeming with neighing noyse, and wanton heeles,
In token of great joy to sing and dance,
That now her maister, she should beare no more,
(An heauy bulke, whose sinnes did weigh so sore)
Now rid of him, that rid on her before.

46

Cry *Absolon*, cry *Absolon* amaine,
And let thy winged prayers, pierce the skye,
Oh to the spring of pitty, soone complaine,
That ne're is dammed up, nor drained dry,
Thy fault confesse, his favour eke implore,
Much is thy misery, his mercy more,
Thy want is great, but greater is his store.

Condemne

47

Condemne thyſelfe, and he ſhall thee acquitt,
Doe thou but pray, hee'le pitty thy eſtate,
Confeſſe thy debt, he will the ſame remit,
It never was too ſoone, its ne're to late:
Alas; long ſinners ſcarſe at laſt relent,
Hee gives not all offenders to repent,
That granteth pardon to all penitent.

48

Whilſt thus his life ſuſpended was on high,
Bold-ventrous *Ioab* opened his heart,
(Heart, where much treaſon lurked privily)
And peir'ct his body with a triple dart:
Then Crimſon blades of graſſe, whereon he bleeds,
Did ſtraitwayes dye, and in their roome ſucceeds
A fruitfull wilderneſſe, of fruitleſſe weeds.

49.

When *David* heard the Victory was gain'd,
But his ſonne loſt (as Iordan waxing ranke,
Or'e flowes the land, and ſcornes to be reſtrain'd,
To have his Tide, ti'de in a narrow banke)
Surges of ſorrow in his heart did riſe,
And brake the watry ſluces of his eyes,
Who lightned thus himſelfe, with heauy cryes:

50

My ſonne, whoſe body had of grace the fill,
My ſonne, whoſe ſoule was ſo devoid of grace,
Without my knowledge, and againſt my will,
My ſonne, in cauſe ſo bad, ſo ſtrange a place:
My ſonne, my ſonne, for which I moſt complaine,
I feare in ſoule, as in the body ſlaine,
Would I might dye, that thou migh'ſt live againe.

Now

51

Now when this griefe was ſwallow'd, not digeſted,
The ſubjects flock't, King *David* to reſtore,
Who in an inſtant, love what they deteſted,
Deteſt in th' inſtant, what they lov'd before:
People like weather-cocks wav'd with the wind,
We conſtant, in unconſtancy may finde,
As time counts minutes, ſo they change their mind.

52

Amongſt the reſt, that came the King to meete,
Lame-legd *Mephiboſheth*, but loyall hearted,
Was one, that never waſht his cloaths, or feete
(Except with teares) ſince *David* firſt departed;
Feete, which by fall from nurſes armes began
To halt, with him a child, ſo faſt ſhe ran,
That he could never goe, when growne a man.

53.

Not much unlike, if it give no diſtaſte,
That reall truths, I doe with trifles match,
Whilſt that my poſting Muſe, with headlong haſte
Doth ſtrive her rurall Layes for to diſpatch,
Halting Invention, for the want of heede,
And lame unjoynted lines from her proceede,
And ſeldome things done ſpeedily, doe ſpeed.

54.

But here an vnexpected jarre aroſe,
Whilſt people, for moſt part in Prince contended,
Which grew from bitter words to bloody blowes,
The King, quoth *Iudah*, of our Tribe deſcended,
Hee of our fleſh is fleſh, bone of our bone:
Nay, anſwer'd *Iſrael*, in the King wee owne
Ten parts, a ſingle ſhare is yours alone.

Whilſt

55

Whilſt ſparkes of diſcord thus began to ſmoake,
To finde the bellowes, *Sheba* did conſpire,
(**Sheba* that proudly did diſdaine the yoke)
And blowing of a trumpet, blew the fire:
Then thoſe that claimed ten, diſdain'd all part
In *David*, taught by his ſeducing art,
They diſcontented to their tents depart.

56

This Rebell, *Ioab* whilſt to quell he ſtrives,
A nameles woman (in the booke of life
Her name is kept, that kept ſo many lives)
Procur'd that he, who ſtirred up the ſtrife,
The body of the Common-wealth to rend
From Prince the head, whereon it did depend,
With head, from body rent, his life did end.

* The ſonne of *Belial.*

57

By his death many Citizens ſurviv'd,
The loſſe of Traytors blood, did prove their gaine,
Soone cea'ſt the flood of Diſcord, thence deriv'd,
When they the factious fountaine did reſtraine.
This warre, a vile man with * a word did rayſe,
Vnto his ſhame, which to her endleſſe prayſe,
A worthy Woman with a * word allaies.

58

So in our land, a noble Queene aroſe,
As we have heard our fathers oft relate,
A Maide, yet Manly to confound her foes,
A Maide and yet a Mother to the State: (finde,
Which ſhe weake, like to crumbling bricke did
Which ſtrong, as laſting marble ſhe reſign'd,
Gold and Gods worſhip, both by her refin'd.
Shee

* What part have we in *David*, &c. * His head ſhall be thrown, &c.

59

She having floriſhed in great renowne,
In ſpite of power, and policy of *Spaine*,
Did change her earthly, for an heavenly crowne,
And cea'ſt to rule o're men, with God to raigne:
Fourty and foure *Novembers* fully paſt,
(Aie me that winged time ſhould poſt ſo faſt)
To Chriſt her love, ſhe wedded was at laſt.

60

This Sunne thus ſet, there followed no Night
In our Horizon, ſtrait another Sunne,
Moſt happily continued the light,
Which by the firſt was hopefully begunne:
And, what might moſt amaze all mortall eyes,
Never before out of the *Northen* skies,
Did men behold bright *Phœbus* to ariſe.

61.

Arts did increaſe his fame, he did increaſe
The fame of Arts, and counting twice eleven
Twelve months upon his throne, this Prince of peace,
By falling to the Earth, did riſe to Heaven:
Then downe our cheeks tears hot & cold did flow,
Thoſe for the Sire decea'ſt, expre'ſt our woe,
Thoſe joy, for his ſucceeding Sonne did ſhow.

62.

Live gracious Leige, whoſe Vertues doe ſurmount
All flattery, and Envy them admires,
Center of grace and greatneſſe, live to Count,
Till that thy kingdome with the world expires:
Wee ſubjects wiſh thee worſt, that love thee beſt,
Who here long to injoy thee, doe requeſt,
That late thou mayſt injoy an heavenly reſt.

And

63

And thou young Prince, hope of the future age,
Succeed to Fathers Vertues, Name, and Crowne,
A new Starre did thy Saviours birth præſage,
His death, the Sun eclipſed did renowne:
But both of theſe conjoyned to adorne
Thy wellcome birth, the Sun with age ſo worne,
Did ſeeme halfe dead, and a young ſtarr was borne.

64

But what doſt thou, my ventrous Muſe, præſume
So far above thy dwarf-like ſtrength to ſtraine?
Such ſoaring ſoone will melt thy waxen plume,
Let thoſe heroike ſparks, whoſe learned braine,
Doth merit chapletts of victorious bayes,
Make Kings the ſubjects of their lofty layes,
Thy worthleſſe prayſing doth their worth diſpraiſe

Strike.

65

Strike ſaile, and to thy matter draw more neare,
And draw thy matter nearer to an end,
Though nought prayſe-worthy in thy verſe appeare,
Yet ſtrive that ſhortneſſe may the ſame commend:
Returne to ſee, where *Ioab* homeward goes,
To ſee his Friends, that had ſubdu'd his foes;
His ſouldiers, and himſelfe there to repoſe.

66

Thus when two adverſe winds, with ſtrong command,
Summon the Sea, the waves that both do feele,
Dare follow neither, but in doubt do ſtand,
Whilſt that the ſhipps with water drunke doe reele
With men, for griefe of drowning, drown'd in griefe,
Vntill at length, a Calme brings them reliefe,
And ſtills the ſtorme, that had ſo long beene brieſe.

Oh

67

Oh that I might but live to ſee the day,
(Day, that I more deſire, than hope to ſee)
When all theſe bloody diſcords done away,
Our Princes, in like manner might agree:
When all the world, might ſmile in perfect peace,
And theſe long-laſting broyls, at length might ceaſe
Broyles, which (alas) doe dayly more increaſe.

68

The *Netherlands*, with endleſſe warrs are toſt,
Like in ſucceſſe, to their unconſtant tide,
Loſing their gettings, gaining what they loſt.
Denmarke both ſword, and *Baltick* ſeas divide:
More blood, than juice of grape nigh *Rhine* is ſhed;
And *Brunſwicke* Land will not be comforted,
But cryes, My Duke, alas, my Duke is dead.

69

The warrs in *France*, now layd aſide, not ended,
Are onely skinned ouer with a ſcarre,
Yea haughty *Alps*, that to the clouds aſcended,
Are ouer-climbed with a bloody Warre:
And *Maroes* birth place *Mantua*, is more
Made famous now for *Mars*, and battell ſore,
Than for his Muſe, it famed was before.

70

Sweden to ſtopp th'Imperiall flood prouides,
(May his good cauſe, be crown'd with like ſucceſſe,
And they, that now pleaſe none, to pleaſe both ſides
May they themſelves, his truſty friends expreſſe.)
But *Turks* the Cobweb of their Truce, each hour
Doe breake, they wayte a time, but want no powre
Nor will, warr-wearied Chriſtians to deuoure.

71

But let the cunning *Chymicke*, whoſe exact
Skill, cauſed Light from darkneſſe to proceed,
Out of diſorder order can extract,
Make in his due time all theſe jars agree'd,
Whoſe greiuances may be bemoan'd by men,
By God alone redreſſed; and till then
They more befitt my Prayers than my Pen.

ΤΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ ΘΕΩ.

FINIS.